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The World at the Death-Bed of Pope Pius.

In view of the serious illness of Pope Pius, the following article from the New York Herald will be read with great interest.

Is Pius IX the last of the Roman Pontiffs? The curious prophecy attributed to St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland, and who died in the arms of the "last of the church," as the French proudly call Bernard of Clairvaux, distinctly asserts as will be seen from the extraordinary document itself reproduced in the Herald to-day—that he is. In that alleged inspired dream, the Irish patriarch gave the number of Popes that remained yet to come, giving to each one of them an epigrammatic mark by which he could be concisely distinguished and the sign he attached to the Pontiff who closes his hazardous enumeration corresponds, in a remarkable degree, with the venerable Holy Father who perhaps at this instant, has the death-rattle at the door of his chamber. That sign is three Latin words—"Cruz de Cruce," which is interpreted by some Catholic authorities to signify the persecution of the cross from a cross—that is, that the Pope suffers crucial afflictions from a royal power which has the cross for the chief emblem on its escutcheon of authority. And this, as had been said, points the finger at Victor Emmanuel. In his kingly emblems, the cross surmounts everything. If we mistake not, Father Garesche, a learned Jesuit priest, in a lecture which he lately delivered not far from New York, gave this interpretation as explicitly as the fine language could make it to the "Cruz de Cruce," of the ancient metropolitan of Armagh. The Herald does not pretend to settle the authority of St. Malachy's prophecies. But it is as clear as the sun in the meridian that the words "Cruz de Cruce" are in regular agreement between Pius IX and the first monarch of United Italy. And that being the case, it is an interesting and serious question, is Pius IX the last of the Roman Pontiffs?

It is a startling question. Its proper form is, is the great Roman Catholic Church sentenced to death? For, no Pope, no Catholic church. Catholicity cannot survive the Papacy for one second. And Catholicity is a thing of no small radius, diameter and circumference. St. Malachy therefore or whoever wrote in his name, gave ground for putting a question of tremendous magnitude. A short time, however, will quite solve the curious interrogation, for it cannot be long before the Holy See will have an occupant or cease to be the great central religious altar of more than three-fourths of the vast population of Christendom. In the meantime, Pius IX is, in all human probability, on his death-bed; and the noble old man—with face one of the finest Rome has witnessed for many a day—has the world watching at his couch. Let us see who these watchers are. The King of Italy has his mind on the spot with particular anxiety of manner.

Prince Bismarck, who by recent statutes has made the Emperor the High Priest of the German people, and who ardently wishes that there may never be another supreme head of the Catholics, is attending to the Roman telegrams, to the exclusion of every other duty.

M. Thiers, President of the French republic and, though a Protestant, a firm upholder of the Papacy, is on the *qui vive* with all the activity of an aged statesman of genius, for the first intelligence of an event which he knows will move Catholic France to floods of tears and sighs of true devotion.

Francis Joseph, of Austria, is in constant communication with his Ambassador at the Vatican on the fluctuations in the health of the illustrious patient.

The Count de Chambard, who once had impassioned hopes that Pius IX would place the crown of St. Louis on his temples and the sword of Henry the Great in his hand, is in unfeigned grief over the apprehended dissolution of one for whose rights the royal blood in his veins was always ready to flow.

The Turk at Constantinople—the Prince of the Crescent, the successor of Mahomed—esteemed his octogenarian Primate of the Cross, as if Rome had never inspired crusades to fight against Saladin for the recovery of Jerusalem; as if there never had been a battle at

Lepanto; as if there had never been a Charles Martel and plains of Poitiers; and he is listening for the first intimation of his death, that he may honor his memory by putting a wreath on the standards of the Ottoman Empire.

The Czar of Russia, it is stated, hated Pius IX with a bitter hatred, and he is impatient to be informed that the Pontiff has breathed his last.

Victoria, Protestant Queen of a great Protestant nation, whose first kings are saints in the Roman calendar, has her tender ears open for the sad news that the Holy Father is dead. She congratulated him on the day he was fifty years a priest, she congratulated him on the day he was twenty five years a Pope; when she learns he has expired, she will give to his name and to his virtues, and to the great office he has so long filled, the good, private homage of her heart.

Finally, all the churches feel the most intense interest in this death-bed. Around it, it is easy and just for imagination to conceive clustered all the great leaders of the Protestant forms of faith, anxious with the conjecture and ready to seize the hope that with Pious Nono the "scarlet woman of the Apocalypse" may die and give up her soul forever. But in a particular position, and with a pre eminent right and though last in the enumeration yet the most natural in it, around this memorable death bed stands the whole Roman fold, 300,000,000 in number. Never was sovereign Pontiff so loved by Catholics as Pius IX. He was and he is to them no self-made cleric, but the very vicar of God; grand to look at; most noble in his disposition an angel in every virtue; a second prince of the apostles in all respects; the most outraged of all holy men, and the idol of their hearts and understandings;—Whether the Catholic faith is true or not true, this is the way the Catholic people of all the earth have adopted, their fondness on Pius IX; and sore are they within at learning that his long reign ever them is at last at its end; and when they shall read that he is no more, copious will be the tears that will flow from their eyes, broken will be the sobs with which they will pronounce his name, and ardent will be the prayers that will penetrate the clouds for the sanctification of his spirit. It is a splendid tribute to illustrious worth. Far be it from all to give it a wanton insult.

These facts give an idea of the interest that is concentrated on the sick couch or the death bed of Pius IX.

But there is one watcher of this death-bed who is entitled to special consideration. It is the King of Italy. He has long wished for the death of the Pope; for the Pope kept him long out of Rome on which he set his heart, and now that he has Rome he is filled with uneasiness while the Pope lives. Well may he wish that the mediæval prophet of Armagh, or whoever wrote in the ascetic Metropolitan's name, issued a true prophecy when he made the Pope of the "Cruz de Cruce" designation the last of the sovereign Pontiffs.

The Bankrupt Law—is it Constitutional?

For some time past there has been going on a discussion between the Richmond Dispatch and the Raleigh News relative to the constitutionality of the Amendment Bankrupt Act. We copied a portion of one of the News' earlier articles. Below we reprint the Dispatch's reply to a position taken by a contributor to the News. The News seems nearly to agree with the Dispatch. At least it speaks of not having full confidence in the constitutionality of the act.

The Dispatch's argument is that the amendatory act is unconstitutional, in that it does not establish a uniform bankrupt law. "This uniformity," says the Dispatch, "must either be derived from the fact that it respects the State laws, or the fact that it fixes the amount itself." The amount here refers to the exemptions allowed the bankrupt.

The Dispatch says: At present we have but a few words to say, and these are upon the following statement in the article in the News:

But the Dispatch denies that Congress, in the act of March 3, 1872, did more than attempt, "by authorization and ratification," to give effect to the State exemption laws as State laws. Let us see whether Congress enacted

any laws of its own in the passage of said act or not. It enacts that the exemptions in each State shall be the amount allowed by the Constitution and laws of each State as existing in the year 1871—meaning the amount designated or fixed by such State law; nothing more nor nothing less. It simply adopts the exemptions in each State as the measure of its own exemptions, without adopting the State home-stead laws. This is obvious from the following enactment:

"And it is hereby enacted that such exemptions shall be valid against debts contracted before the adoption and passage of such State Constitution and laws, as well as those contracted afterwards," &c.

Now, they were not so valid under the State laws, and Congress could not, by "authorization" of them as State laws, make them so. In this the Dispatch is undoubtedly right. But that is not what Congress did attempt to do in the act of March 3, 1872. That body, in which there are some sound and able constitutional lawyers, especially in the Senate, simply enacted that such exemptions should be "valid" against all classes of debts under the bankrupt law—a law of Congress, which none can doubt its power to pass.

We have this to say in reply: If the new act of Congress does not change the Virginia law, then the same amount is to be exempted under the Virginia law, and against the same debts that were thrown out by the Virginia law, as this law was expounded by her highest judicial tribunal. In a word, the bankrupt law has not changed the Virginia law. And if the act of Congress does not change the Virginia law, it failed to do what it was intended to do; for that was the avowed purpose of its authors. On the other hand, if it does change the Virginia law, it changes it by validating those parts of the Virginia law which the Court of Appeals had pronounced unconstitutional. And this is just what the Supreme Court of the United States said, in the case from Georgia, that Congress could not do.

The writer in the News says that Congress did not attempt by "authorization" of them as State laws to validate the home-stead laws of the several States. He quotes enough of the act of Congress to suit his purpose; but he omits the following:

"It is hereby enacted that they shall be the amount allowed by the Constitution and laws of each State respectively as existing in the year 1871; and that such exemptions shall be valid against debts contracted before the adoption and passage of such State Constitution and laws, as well as those contracted after the same, and against liens by judgment or decree of any State Court, any decision of any such court rendered since the adoption and passage of such constitutions to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Any decision of any such court?" What does this mean? It means that Congress attempted to override the State courts. It means that our Court of Appeals having decided what the law of Virginia was, and against what debts the home-stead exemption should be allowed, Congress tried to override both the law and the court. Admitting, then, that the writer for the News is right thus far, he has only got out of one difficulty to fall into a greater. Congress has power to pass a uniform bankrupt law. This uniformity must either be derived from the fact that it respects the State laws, or the fact that it fixes the amount itself. It is, therefore, not uniform, and not being uniform, it is not constitutional, for if it does not change the Virginia law, it has no effect, here, whilst if it does change the Virginia law it is not uniform, since the only uniformity it can possibly claim is due to its allowing what the State allows as exemptions."—Exchange.

Wedding Cake.

They have notable ways of dealing with wedding cake in England. In Yorkshire, when an East-Riding bride is on the point of crossing her father's threshold after returning from church, a plate containing a few square pieces of cake is Crowned from an open window of the house, for the purpose of learning whether she will be a happy or wretched wife. If the plate, on reaching the ground breaks she will not escape injury. It is needless to say that the near-

kinsman of the bride, who sends the platter from the window, takes good care that the omen is satisfactory. In some parts of Lancashire and Cumberland it is customary to put a ring amongst the ingredients of the cake, and to invite the guests in turn to cut a slice. The person who holds the knife when it comes upon the hidden ring is deemed to be sure of happiness for at least twelve months.

How A Boston Reporter Lost His Situation.

It is said that in a moment of temporary insanity a Boston city editor assigned a horse racing, base-ball and aquatic reporter to report, in half a column, the Sunday services at the church of a sensational preacher. This is the report he published, and for which he was discharged.

"The house met at 10,30 a. m. Prayer by the chaplain. The first race was between the chaplain and the singers, it being a pretty even match the two first heats; but the singers got the best of the last three heats, and came in on the amen two full lengths ahead, winning the last three heats and the race. Time 6.84. Petitions were then presented for forgiveness and other matters, and notice was given of special assignment during the coming week for various objects. The singers then sailed up to the judges stand, and after getting into position sailed away on the course with all canvass set and a spanking breeze from the organ, which drove them along in fine style. The top rigged yacht flying the blue pennant was well ahead at the stake, and came home ahead of all the fleet. The speaker then took the floor, announced his intention to ask that the resolution of censure that had been heaped upon Ananias should be rescinded, and proceeded to read the records of the case, from which it appears that Ananias had sold his house and had not given all the price to the church. The speaker then went on to say that no reason appeared on the records for Ananias to give any, and much less all, of his property to the church, and that he questioned if any of those before him would do any more than Ananias had in the same place. He then went on to show that Ananias had obeyed his wife in the matter, and expressed the belief that few of those before him could say as much for themselves. After further arguments of a similar character he moved that the character of Ananias be and the same is hereby declared IA by the members of the house."

Girls.

Girls are marvels of beauty and wonderfully made. Though fashioned by the hands of the Creator they are shaped by the dressmakers and milliners. It takes exactly two hundred and eleven pounds of flesh and blood, thirty two yards of dress material, ninety seven yards of yellow ribbon, twelve pounds of cotton, twenty-four copies of the Coach, sixteen feet of horse hair, thirty-three ounces of flour, two boxes of red paint, and a bottle of night blooming seriousness to prepare the average Rocky mountain girl for church. They know less in an hour, and can tell more in a minute than any other person on earth. Their strong suit is to make trouble and bustles, and the proficiency they have acquired is the conundrum of the age. In game of talk they invariably hold the right hower or take the ace with the king. They are totally ignorant of the rules of civilized warfare, and never let up when they get a follow down. A girl can look pretty and ugly, happy and sorrowful, hot and cold, sweet and sour, sentimental and disgusted in ten seconds, and the only place in the world where the boys have the best of them is in sitting up of nights. Yet with all their faults we love them still, and a few more of our photographs may be had by addressing the Driver and including fifty cents. Marriage proposals must be prepaid—The (Col.) Coach.

A stranger, a young man from the country, after having gazed at the bananas at the eating house in a railway station, wanted to know what "them" ar sweet potatoes were wuth," and why so much pains was taken to "string 'em." He couldn't see that he was wrong when he crowd laughed.

Legal Miscellany.

The N. Y. Court of Appeals have decided that an order denying a motion to set aside a summons and complaint because the notice is not under the right subdivision of Sec. 152 of the Code where the complaint was served with the summons does not affect a substantial right and is not appealable.

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin, in a late case, held that an order setting aside service of the complaint—(on the ground that the copy served was illegible and allowing plaintiff to make service thereof within twenty days on terms) was not appealable.

The Supreme Court of Illinois have decided that checks payable at a future day are entitled to the usual days of grace.

Georgia has repealed all her laws relating to usury.

In *Pickersill vs. Loken*, the U. S. Supreme Court has decided that the estate of a deceased surety was discharged from the payment of the obligation in controversy on the principle that, if one of two joint obligors die, the debt is extinguished against his representatives; Opinion by Davis J.

The Supreme Court of Indiana hold that neither the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States nor the Civil Rights bill passed by Congress has impaired or changed the law of that State on the subject of the marriage of whites and negroes.

Such a union between members of the different races is a criminal offense by the statutes of that State.

A Massachusetts attorney acting for another man, recently acknowledged a deed before himself as Justice of the Peace. How did he like his "personal appearance?"

They tell a story of a member of a certain high toned fraternity known out west as "shell bark lawyers." This member's client was up on two small charges—"frivolous charges" as shell bark called them—(forging a note and stealing a horse.)

Shell bark didn't like the looks of the jury so he prepared an affidavit for continuance, setting forth the absence of a material witness.

He read it in a whisper to the prisoner who, shaking his head, said, "squire I can't swear to that dokymant." "Why? 'Bekase it hain't true." Shell bark grew red in the face and then exploded loud enough to be heard throughout the room—"what! forge a note and steal a horse and cant swear to a lie: hang such an infernal fool; and off he went leaving the conscientious ones to his fate—*Marlboro Times*.

Where can We Find Them?

Where is the eating house waiter who is correct in his arithmetic?

Where is the after-dinner speaker who, having to propose the toast of the evening, does not regret that it has not been placed in abhor hands?

Where is the railway conductor of sufficient self-control to shut a carriage door without giving a good bang to it?

Where is the tourist who can turn his thalers into francs and not lose a few centimes by it?

Where is the light-cart driver who ever dreams of slackening his pace when going round a corner where there is a crowded crossing?

Where is the man who keeps a diary and ever lives to find the slightest use in doing so?

Where is the young gentleman who can abstain for a whole month from sticking flowers in his button-hole?

Where is the young lady who, after going to a ball, is unable to describe in detail all the dresses that were worn there?

Where is the workman who, when he gets a rise in wages, ever dreams of saving money by it?

Where is the amateur who can open oysters quickly without leaving the shell sticking to them?

A fine of \$15 and two weeks imprisonment was the sentence lately passed by a London magistrate upon a wretch who pricked out the eyes of a chaffinch to improve its song. He boasted of having treated forty birds in the same manner in one day. A little of the lash would have improved his song and probably made him "change his tune," too.

Newburn is nothing now if not musical.

Hostile Advice.

Mr. EDITOR.—It is said that it is lawful to be taught by an enemy. At least so says the Latin maxim. It may be lawful to be instructed in this way, but I prefer any other school teacher. When one whose interests, are antagonistic to mine gives me advice, I always look out for a mouse in the meal tub, and what is more, I generally find him, and the more earnest the advice and the more emphatic the assurance that it is given from no other motive than affectionate interest in me, the more suspicious I become, and the less inclined I am to adopt it.

A few days ago, I read in a Northern paper a long and labored letter, giving a great many figures and no end of statistics, the object of which was to show us of the Cotton States that we should devote all our land and time and labor to the production of cotton and buy all our provisions and everything else we need from our Northern friends, because we can raise cotton and they cannot. We are told that we should not divide our energies; that our soil and climate are the very thing for cotton, but not at all suited to corn or provision crops; that fertilizers pay prodigiously when applied to cotton, but are very unremunerative from corn, &c.; that an acre in cotton will bring \$100 cash, while an acre of grain, hay, potatoes, &c., will not bring more than about \$15 worth of food; that cotton does not exhaust the land, while the crops ruin it; and then we are told that cotton is such an "interesting" crop, that it is so beautiful, that it is so easily worked, "by the least efficient force of the plantation, and then, that it is "the gentleman's crop!"

Now all this is as clear as mud. No one so dull as not to see that to raise an acre of anything but cotton would be a waste of land, of fertilizers, of labor and of money, and that besides the outrage on the aesthetics by substituting hideous corn, wheat, oats or clover for beautiful cotton and abandoning an interesting crop which can be raised by "the least efficient of the plantation force," we should be giving up "the gentleman's crop" *par excellence*, and adopting one only fit for the most abject of bores.

This advice has of course, nothing to do with the fact that New England wants a plenty of cheap cotton, and that the more raised the cheaper it will be to the Yankee spinner. Nor are we advised to buy everything we need to eat, wear and use at the North, because the necessary consequence is that we must send back to the North every cent we get for our cotton, and have to run in debt besides. The man who wrote this letter, giving this advice, must evidently be disinterested. "We know he is a friend, from a remark he made."

I once heard of a cavalry officer who was sent with his company to attack a party of Indians who were supposed to be concealed in some thick underbrush; he dismounted his men and told them that "some men are good for one thing and some for another. I am good for holding horses. You are good for fighting; go in and kill the last one of the Indians." He was disinterested, of course, and as the probabilities are he is alive yet, and perhaps owns a cotton factory in New England he may be the very man who recommends us to plant all cotton and buy from him and his friends everything we want.

But I object, I want to hold the horses awhile.

BALDWIN Co., Ga., April 5, 1873.—
Southern Farm and Home.

Professor Hyatt delivered a lecture on mercury in Vienna, recently, when he exhibited the leg bone of a man whose death had undoubtedly been hastened by mercury. On striking the bone heavily upon the table, out fell thousands of little glittering globules of mercury—bright metallic mercury—which rolled about upon the black surface before him, collecting here and there into drops. This mercury had been absorbed during life, undermined the man's system and proved fatal to him.

Some one says that the lion and the lamb may lie down together in this world, but when the lion gets up it will be hard work to find the lamb.

A New Jersey tobaccoist, with commendable frankness, advertises: "I shall continue to keep on hand imported cigars of my own manufacture."